

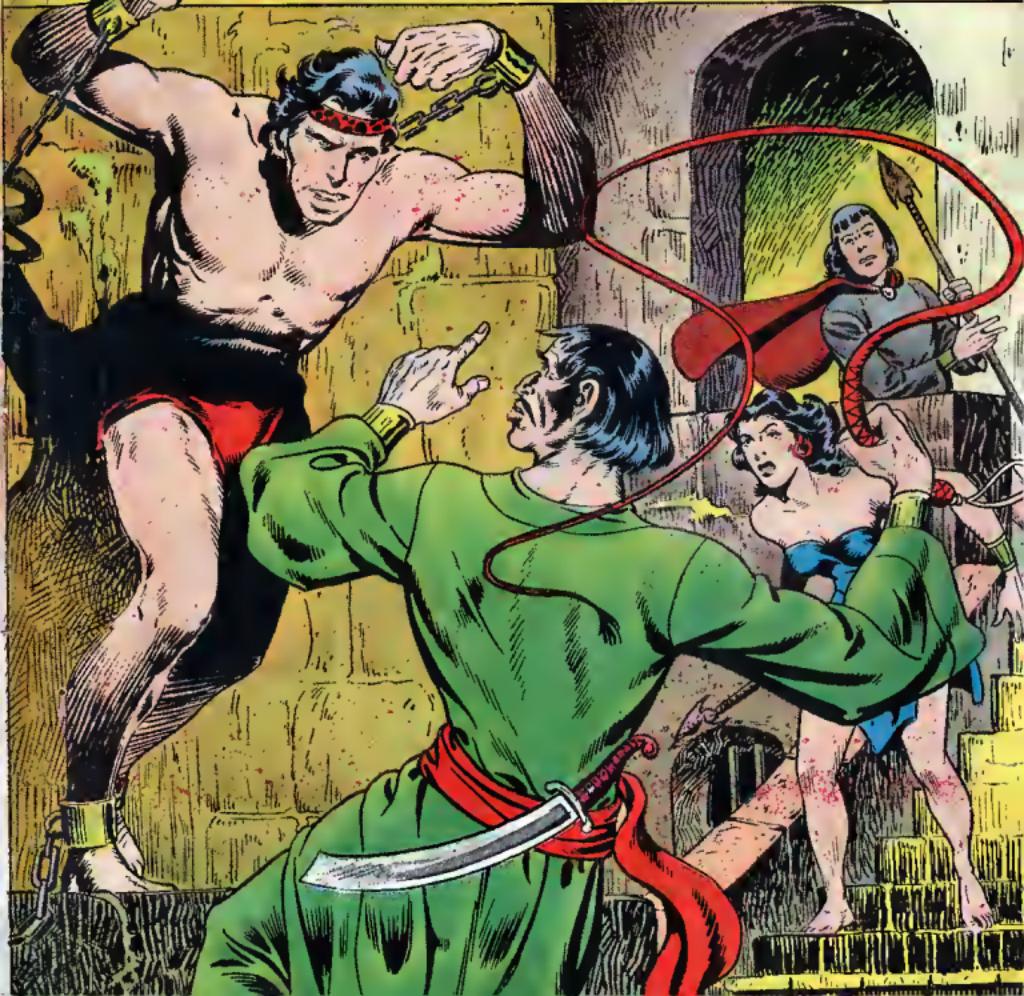
JULY
52 PAGES ADVENTURE MYSTERY THRILLS

CROWN™

AUTHORIZED
A.C.M.P.



COMICS



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



Message to Parents

IF POLIO HITS YOUR AREA THIS YEAR...

SEE THAT YOUR CHILDREN...

AVOID Crowds and New Contacts in trains, buses or boats, if possible; avoid crowded places where one may be close to another's breath or cough.

AVOID Over-Fatigue. Too active play, late hours, worry, irregular living schedules may invite a more serious form of the disease.

AVOID Swimming in water which has not been declared safe by your health department.

AVOID Chilling. Take off wet clothes and shoes at once. Keep dry shoes, sweaters, blankets and coats handy for sudden weather changes.

Keep clean. Wash hands after going to toilet and before eating. Keep food covered and free from flies and other insects. Burn or bury garbage not tightly covered. Avoid using another's pencil, handkerchief, utensil or food touched by soiled hands.

QUICK ACTION MAY PREVENT CRIPPLING

Call Your Doctor at once if there are symptoms of headache, nausea, upset stomach, muscle soreness or stiffness, or unexplained fever.

Take His Advice if he orders hospital care; early diagnosis and prompt treatment are important and may prevent crippling.

Consult Your Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis for help. Your Chapter (see local telephone book or health department for address) is prepared to pay that part

of the cost of care and treatment you cannot meet—including transportation, after-care and such aids as wheelchairs, braces and other orthopedic equipment. This service is made possible by the March of Dimes.



Remember, facts fight fears. Half or more of those having the disease show no after-effects; another fourth recover with very slight crippling. A happy state of mind tends toward health and recovery. Don't let your anxiety or fear reach your children. Your confidence makes things easier for you and for others.

Cut out and keep for reference.

— THIS INFORMATION IS PREPARED BY —

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK S, N.Y.

CAN YOU
FIND THE

Secret Clues TO MONARK'S POPULARITY?

● Find the SECRET CLUES to Monark's tremendous popularity and win a colorful "Air-Wing" Lapel Button. Why do YOU want a Monark Super Deluxe? Answer THAT question and you'll probably have the SECRET CLUES to Monark's popularity... will win the "Air-Wing" Lapel Button that makes YOU a member of the nationwide "Air-Wing" Club.

THESE HINTS MAY HELP YOU

1. Smart new "Safety-Gard" saddle rail and gleaming new "Silver-Wing" fender crest
2. Smooth-riding new "Rubber-Cushioned" double-spring shock absorbing front fork
3. Comfortable new "Form Fit" saddle with weather-resistant plastic-tire cover
4. Sleek new combination "Kromegard" bumper and shock-proof rear reflector
5. Colorful new "Air-Wing" headshield and gracefully curved chrome finish handlebars
6. Beautiful new heavy-duty luggage carrier with chrome-plated auto-style grille
7. Keen new air-style design headlights with "Road-Focus" beam, safety side lights
8. Handsome new built-in auto-type tank and electric horn with convenient control
9. Classy new whitewall U.S. Royal chain-tread double tube balloon tires
10. Convenient "lock-up" parking stand and dependable, quick-action coaster brake
11. Super-streamlined air-flow design, rich new "Super-Tone" color combinations
12. Beautiful mar-proof and chip resistant finish keeps its "new" look for years
13. Strong arch-design "motor-bike" frame of heavy gauge electrically welded tubing
14. Fast airline-style pedal crank and drive assembly; precision chain and sprockets
15. Triple plate crown tubular fork with steel insert and extra heavy gauge prongs
16. Reinforced steel tubing at frame head and crank hanger joints for greater strength
17. Extra long, extra deep, extra strong mud guards; sprocket to sprocket chain guard
18. One full year's fire and theft insurance included with every new Monark bicycle



One Year's
Fire and Theft Insurance
Included in Purchase Price

● America's finest, most popular and fastest selling bicycle! Stronger... faster... safer... and more beautiful than ever before. More and more exciting new features... more and classier color combinations... more and even greater value. Boys' and girls' models... regular and junior sizes. Big colorful folder shows and describes the complete line. Get your free copy NOW!



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Dept. C-118, Monark Silver King, Inc.
6501 W. Grand Ave., Chicago 35, Ill.

THE SECRET CLUES TO MONARK'S POPULARITY ARE:

(Identify your selections in the order of their importance to you, by inserting here the numbers shown with hints at right, above).

<input type="checkbox"/>				
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SEND COLORFUL NEW FREE FOLDER WHETHER OR NOT I WIN
"AIR-WING" LABEL BUTTON.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

For the name of the closest
Monark dealer call Western Union
by number and ask for OPERATOR

INSIST ON A MONARK



SPOFTOPICS

by
JOHN
DOZIER

The COLLEGIATE WHO USES
A DRAMATIC, MAN-KILLING
BREAST-STROKE AT A PACE
UNMATCHED OVER THE WORLD!

JOE, A
LA SALLE
COLLEGE
BOY, HAS
SET UP
12
WORLD
SWIM
RECORDS!



Joe VERDEUR

OLYMPIC AND WORLD RECORD SMASHER IN THE 200-METER BREAST-STROKE.



VERDEUR IS TOUGHEST AND SUREST WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN—THAT'S CHAMP PHILOSOPHY!

The FAMED
"BUTTERFLY"
STROKE

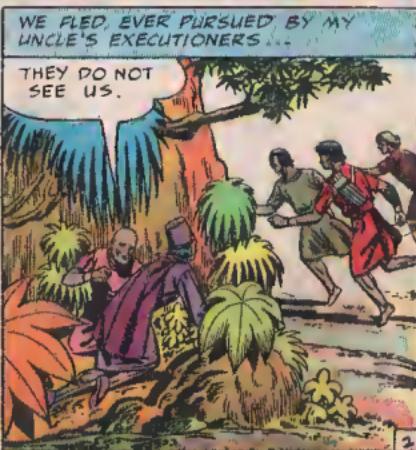
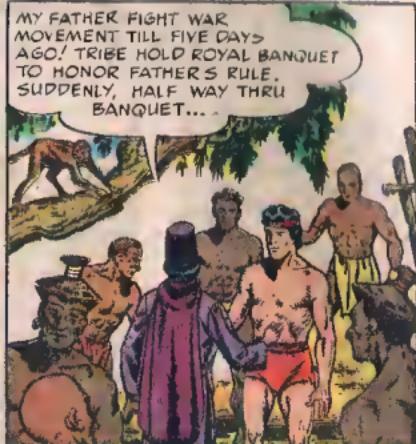


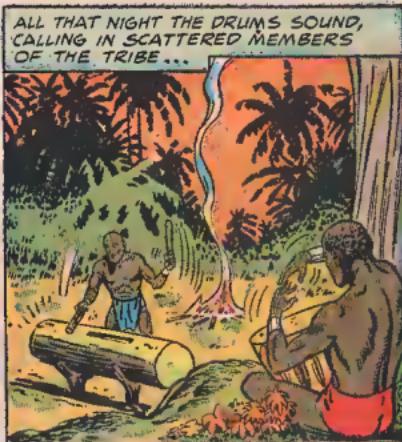
VOODAH



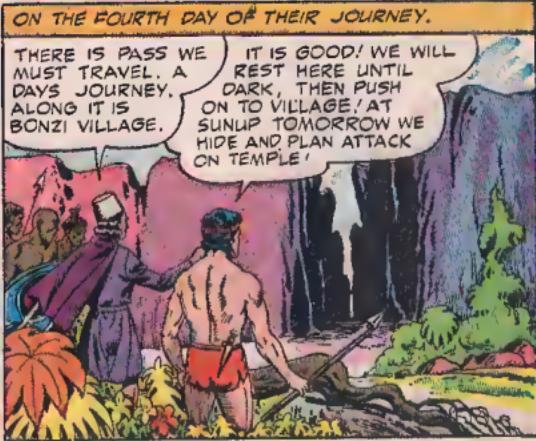
I AM PRINCE SASCHI, THE OLD MAN IS OF MY TRIBE'S INNER COUNCIL. MY UNCLE BEL ZI, HAS WISHED TO WREST POWER FROM MY FATHER, SO THAT HE CAN LEAD TRIBE TO WAR...

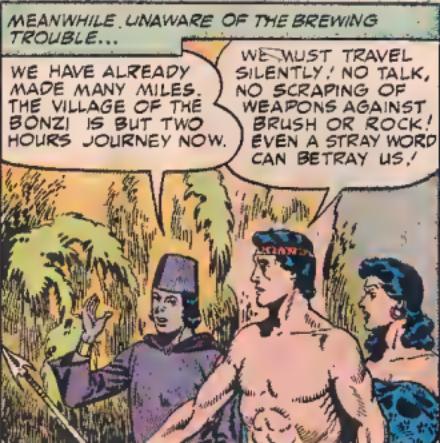
MY FATHER FIGHT WAR MOVEMENT TILL FIVE DAYS AGO! TRIBE HOLD ROYAL BANQUET TO HONOR FATHER'S RULE. SUDDENLY, HALF WAY THRU BANQUET...



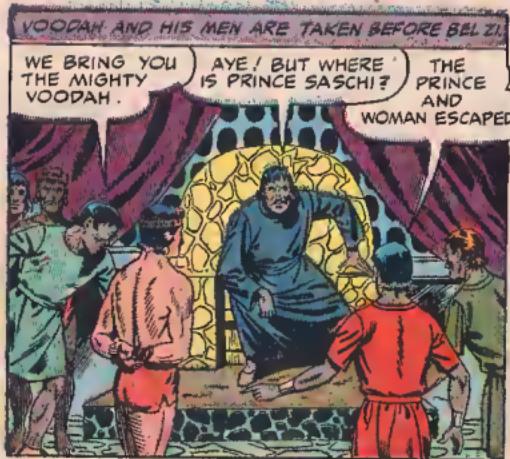




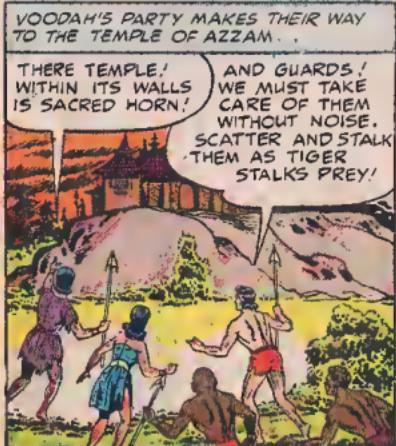












AT LAST, THE PRINCE STANDS BEFORE
THE SACRED HORN OF AZZAM!



I COME BACK AS KING
IN MY DEAD FATHER'S
PLACE! BEL ZI IS
TRAITOR, MURDERER
OF YOUR KING! HE MUST
BE PUNISHED! I SHALL
LEAD YOU!



PRINCE SASCHI LEADS THE BONZI WARRIOR'S
IN AN ATTACK ON THE PALACE ...



... AND RESUMES HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE ON THE
BONZI THRONE ...



HOW QUICKLY
THE BOY HAS
BECOME THE
MAN! IT IS
GOOD!

THE NEXT MORNING ...

I'M SAD YOU LEAVE.
CARRY FRIENDSHIP
OF ME AND MY
PEOPLE WITH YOU'

RULE YOUR
PEOPLE WELL!
LET THERE
ALWAYS BE
PEACE BETWEEN
YOUR PEOPLE
AND MINE! GOOD-
BYE AND MAY YOU
RULE LONG AND
WISELY!



STUNT PAGE

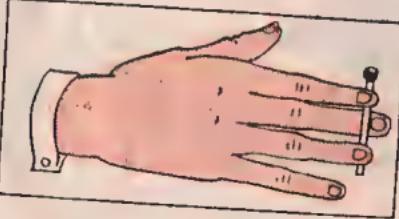
BALANCE A PILE OF COINS ON YOUR ELBOW, AS SHOWN IN SKETCH NO. 1, AND BRING YOUR ARM DOWN WITH A QUICK SWEEP, AS IN NO. 2. YOU WILL FIND THAT THE COINS WILL FALL IN YOUR HAND.



HERE IS A GOOD CATCH THAT YOUR FRIENDS WILL FIND IMPOSSIBLE AND YET IT SEEMS ABSURDLY SIMPLE.

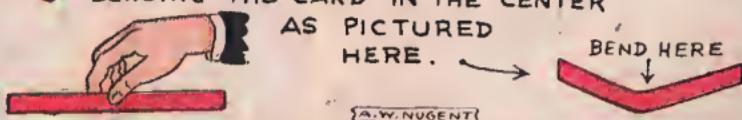
TAKE AN ORDINARY WOODEN MATCH NOT A SAFETY, BUT THE LARGE SIZE - AND HAVE YOUR FRIEND HOLD IT IN HIS FINGERS AS PICTURED. HE CANNOT BREAK IT, NO MATTER HOW HARD HE MAY TRY.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS INSIST THAT HE KEEP HIS FINGERS STRAIGHT AND NOT REST HIS HAND ON ANYTHING.



TRY THIS TRICK ON YOUR FRIENDS. CUT A STRIP OF THIN STRAIGHT CARDBOARD ABOUT 8 IN. LONG AND 1 IN. WIDE. THEN CHALLENGE YOUR FRIENDS TO STAND THE STRIP ON ITS LONG EDGE - WHICH, OF COURSE, THEY WILL FIND IMPOSSIBLE.

YOU THEN PROCEED TO DO THE TRICK BY SIMPLY BENDING THE CARD IN THE CENTER AS PICTURED HERE.



[A.W.NUGENT]

Minnie Soo and LITTLE HAHA

With SLOO PUMPER

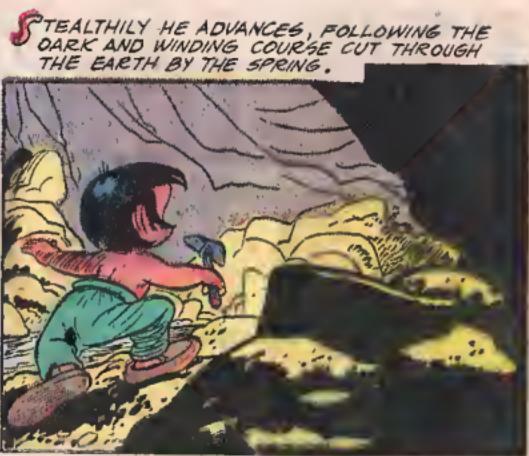


HMPH! LOST IN WOODS
... HAH! ME GREAT
BIG WARRIOR... ME
FIGHT ENEMIES IN OLD
CAVE. ME JUMP MANY
ENEMIES WITH
TOMAHOWK. HMPH!
LOST IN WOODS!

HUHMM! THERE IS OLD CAVE
WITH SPRING RUNNING FROM
MOUTH. NOW, FOR RAID ON
ENEMY CAMP!

DARK IN THERE. MEBBE
EVIL SPIRITS WAIT FOR
ME. WHAT??
ME SMELL
SMOKE!





SOON, BEFORE SLOO PUMPER'S STARTLED EYES, THE CAVE WIDENS INTO A HUGE VAULT WHERE HE SEES A CAMPFIRE BURNING. HE KNEW SOMEONE ELSE MUST BE IN THIS DANK, FORBODING PLACE!!

BUT THEN SLOO PUMPER STOPS, AS A LORE FIGURE APPEARS FROM THE SHADOWS...



AND STAGGERS TO THE FIRESIDE WHERE SHE COLLAPSES.



MY! MY! MY!
A GIRL... A
REAL LIVE
GIRL IN THIS
BAD CAVE!

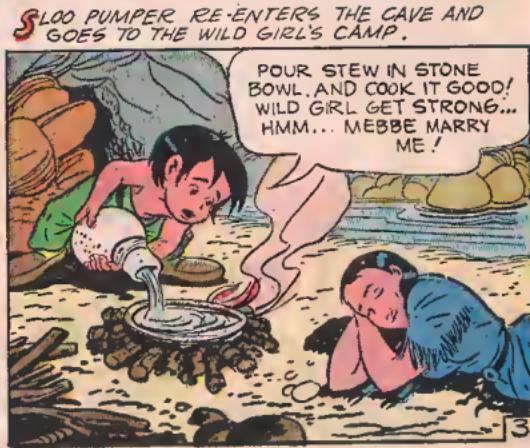
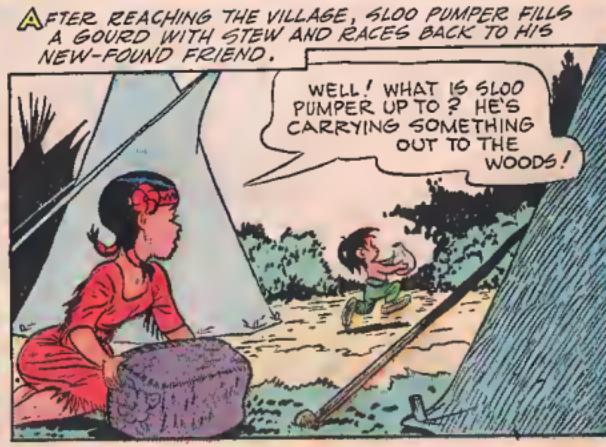
....
SOMETHING
WRONG WITH
HER... ME
THINK.

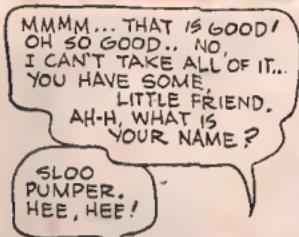


HEY, BIG GIRL! WHAT
THE MATTER?
YOU SICK??

OH-H-H-H!
WH-WH-WH WHO ARE
YOU?





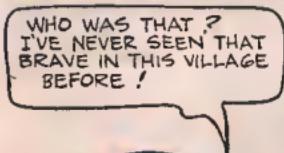


SLOO
PUMPER.
HEE, HEE!



I FEEL BETTER. I WAS
HUNGRY... I GUESS I'M
NOT VERY STRONG...
I HAVEN'T EATEN FOR
A LONG
TIME.





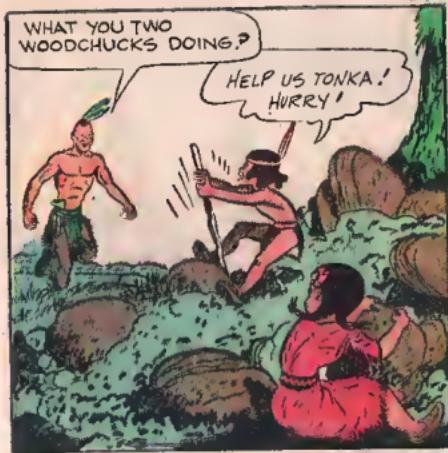
AT THE VILLAGE EDGE... SLOO PUMPER THROWS ALL CAUTION TO THE WIND, AND RUNS FOR DEAR LIFE. BACK TO THE CAVE.





SLOWLY THE CREEK WATER RISES. THE WILD GIRL AND SLOO PUMPER FRANTICALLY LOOK FOR AN EXIT, REALIZING THEY WILL DROWN IF NO EXIT IS SOON FOUND.





TONKA GRABS THE TWO FIGURES AND STRUGGLES TO DRY LAND.



THE GIRL AND SLOO PUMPER ARE REVIVED, AND THEN...



AHEM!

OH, THERE YOU ARE! I WAS AFRAID FOR YOU! I AM SO HAPPY YOU ARE SAFE, YOU ARE MY BEST FRIEND... MY LITTLE BRAVE BROTHER.



SO TONKA AND THE WILD GIRL GO HAND IN HAND TO THE VILLAGE.

WHAT ARE YOU MUMBLED ABOUT, SLOO PUMPER?



BEST FRIEND!
BRAVE BROTHER!
HMPH! ME NO LIKE GIRLS!



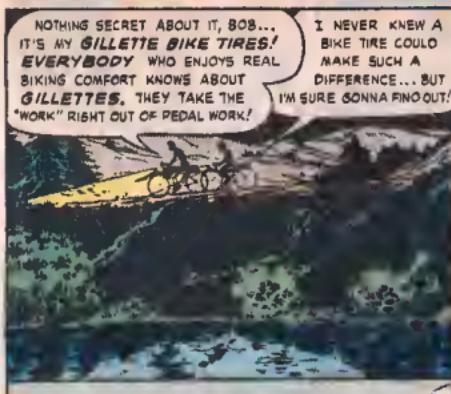
From DUD to DYNAMO

IT WAS SWELL OF THE GIRLS TO INVITE US OVER TO THEIR CAMP FOR THE DAY-- BUT, PHEW!/ IT SURE IS A LONG TRIP!

...AND WE'RE ONLY HALFWAY THERE, BOB-- SO KEEP THOSE PEDALS GOING!

FINALLY, SEVERAL MILES LATER... WHAT DO YOU SAY, FELLA'S-- LET'S PLAY SOME TENNIS BEFORE LUNCH...

YOU GO AHEAD, JIM-- I'VE GOT A LITTLE RESTING TO DO AFTER THAT BIKE-HIKE!



GILLETTE

Bicycle Tires

A GILLETTE PRODUCT

PLANE TALK

FEATURING THE XP-85

TO REALIZE ONE OF MAN'S MOST SPECTACULAR DREAMS, FIGHTER PLANES THAT TRAVEL TO AND FROM BATTLE WITHIN LONG RANGE BOMBERS..ENGINEERS HAVE BUILT THE XP-85.

Powers

C'MON, KIP, LET'S TAKE A LOOK SEE AT THE AIR FORCE'S XP-85...THE TINY JET JOB THAT YOU'VE NICKNAMED THE PARASITE!

OH BOY...
LET'S GO!
I'VE BEEN DYIN'
TO SEE IT!

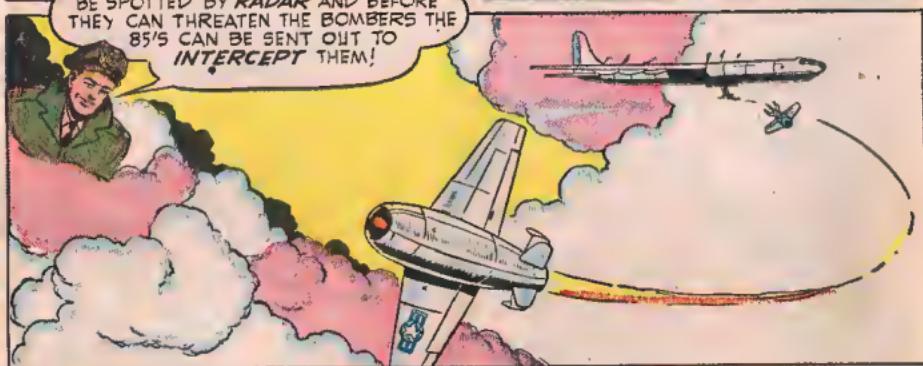
THERE SHE IS, KIP...NOT VERY FORMIDABLE LOOKING BUT...GO ON...CLIMB IN AND I'LL CHECK YOU OUT ON WHAT THIS BABY CAN DO!

SHOOT,
CAPTAIN! I'M
ALL EARS!

DON'T BE SELF-CONSCIOUS, KIP...AHEM! BUT SERIOUSLY... THE 'PARASITE' TRAVELS BETTER THAN 600 MILES PER HOUR AND UNLIKE OTHER FIGHTER PLANES NEEDS ONLY ENOUGH FUEL FOR ACTUAL COMBAT FLYIN'!

GEE!





FIRST
TIME
OFFER

Looks like a bird...flaps its wings like a bird...
ACTUALLY FLIES LIKE A BIRD!!!

It's

"FLAPHAPPY"

the latest
scientific
marvel!

WOWIE!
LOOK AT
'ER FLY!



Mom and Dad and your friends
will say: "I just don't believe it!"—
but

FLAPHAPPY will flap its wings
just like a real bird and fly like
crazy around the room!

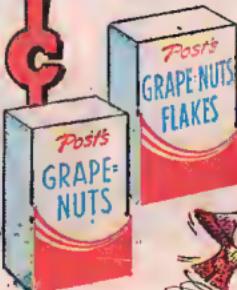
Greatest Idea since Orville Wright's
flying machine! The experts just couldn't
believe their eyes when they first saw Flap-
happy! Because here's flapping wing motion
that really works!

IT'S ONLY

15¢

AND THE TOP
FROM ONLY
ONE BOX OF
GRAPE-NUTS OR
GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES

Products of
General Foods



Took over 2000 years to perfect!
The ancient Greeks tried to
make a "bird machine"—and
failed. Down through the ages
others have tried without suc-
cess. And just think...NOW, AT
LAST, YOU CAN OWN ONE!



Offer not good outside of continental U.S.A.

Now you can have this marvelous new
toy for a song! Ordinarily such an ex-
citing flying toy might be quite expensive.
But by special arrangement the makers of
GRAPE-NUTS and GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES
now offer these toys for ONLY 15¢ AND A
BOX TOP from either of these great cereals!!

Offer terminates December 31, 1949

**BE THE FIRST OF YOUR
GANG TO GET IT—
MAIL THIS NOW!**



Rush Me that flappin', flyin' Flaphappy Bird!

Post's Cereals—Dept. H.—P.O. Box 259
Battle Creek, Mich.

Gentlemen, I'm enclosing 15¢ and the top from a box
of Grape-Nuts (or Grape-Nuts Flakes). Send my
Flaphappy!

MY NAME _____

STREET or RFD _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

This offer void in any federal, state, or local municipality
where prohibited or otherwise restricted.

THE TOUGHEST CASE I EVER WORKED ON
BEGAN ONE NIGHT ALMOST TWO MONTHS AGO
IN SAILOR BARNEY'S TATTOO PARLOR. JOE
MARTIN, AN UNEMPLOYED CARNIVAL WORKER
AND A CASUAL AQUAINTANCE OF SAILOR'S,
HAD COME IN WITH A JOB OF
TATTOOING. THAT'S WHY I'VE ALWAYS
CALLED THE EVENTS THAT FOLLOWED...

"THE CASE OF THE TATTOOED MAN"

SO, YOU FIGGER ON
TURNING YOUR TATTOOING
INTO DOUGH NOW?

SURE! WHEN I
SAW AN AD IN THIS
MONTH'S ISSUE OF
CARNIVAL BIZ FOR A
TATTOOED MAN TO WORK
WITH THE HAPPY HOOISER
SHOWS, I SENT OUT A
WIRE TO 'EM QUICK! THIS
MORNING, THEY WIRED ME
THAT I'M HIRED AND I
SHOULD JOIN 'EM
AT BAYVILLE.

FRANK LOLL

I BEEN COLLECTIN' TATTOO'S
FOR YEARS BUT I DIDN'T
HAVE ENOUGH TO QUALIFY FOR
THE JOB! THAT'S WHY I ASKED
YOU TO FIX ME UP. I KNOW --?
WHAT'S UP? YOU LOOK LIKE
YOU SAW A GHOST.

I--
I----!
HE'S
TRACKED
ME DOWN!
HE'LL WANT HIS
SHARE! I GOTTA
GET RID OF IT!
I GOTTA HIDE IT!

SOMETHIN'
THE MATTER
WITH YOU?

NO, I WAS JUST
'FIGURIN' WHAT TO
PUT ON THAT SPOT
BELOW THE NAPE OF
YOUR NECK.

LATER---

GOODLUCK,
JOE! I'M TAKIN' A
VACATION IN A WEEK.
MAYBE I'LL COME OUT
TO SEE YOU.

DO THAT, SAILOR.
THE SHOW'S
PLAYING BAYVILLE
FOR A COUPLE
OF WEEKS.

AS JOE MARTIN LEAVES, SAILOR
RETURNS TO AN OPEN GAS-JET AND LIGHTS
A PIECE OF PAPER FROM IT---

SAILOR, YOU FOOL!
WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
PUT THAT OUT.

WHA--?
FRAZER!



IT'S TOO LATE, FRAZER.
IT'S GONE! YOU'LL NEVER
FIND IT! NEVER--!
I'LL NEVER TELL YOU.

I'VE WAITED YEARS
FOR THAT PAPER, SAILOR.
YOU'RE GOING TO TELL
ME EVERYTHING. I'M
GOING TO MAKE YOU TELL,
SAILOR.

I CAME INTO THE CASE ABOUT TWO
WEEKS LATER. MY SECRETARY, LAURA
AND I, HAD BEEN ON A CASE DOWN
IN CENTRAL AMERICA AND NOW, ONCE
BACK IN THE STATES, FELT LIKE
TAKING THINGS EASY. I WAS DOING
JUST THAT, WHEN THE PHONE
RANG. THE GUY AT
THE OTHER END
WAS PRETTY
EXCITED.



YUH-GOTTA HELP ME,
MR. CUTTER! SOMEONE'S
TRYIN' TO KILL ME. I
DON'T KNOW WHY.
BUT SOMEONE'S
TRYING TO
KILL ME.

TAKE IT EASY FRIEND.
NOW, WHERE ARE YOU?
HAPPY HOOSIER SHOWS
AT THE STATE FAIR
GROUNDS? ASK
FOR JOE MARTIN
AT THE TATTOO
BOOTH. I'LL SEE
YOU.

I'VE GOT A DATE
WITH A TATTOOED
MAN AT THE
CARNIVAL

WE HAVE A DATE!
WE'VE HAD ALL
KINDS OF CLIENTS
BEFORE, BUT NEVER
A TATTOOED MAN. THIS,
I'VE GOT TO SEE!



WE LOCATED THE CARNIVAL AND STROLLED DOWN IT'S MIDWAY TO THE TATTOOED MAN'S BOOTH...

--- AND YOU SEE BEFORE YOUR EYES, THE VERY ZENITH IN TATTOOING ART. THIS IS BUT A SAMPLE OF THE AMAZING SPECTACLES IN THE STORE! FOR ONE DIME, FOLKS, ONE TENTH OF A DOLLAR ---

WE'LL TALK TO HIM BEFORE THE SHOW GOES ON.

JOE MARTIN?
I'M VIC CUTTER

CUTTER! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU. I GOTTA DO A SHOW NOW, BUT I'LL MEET YOU RIGHT HERE AFTER IT! ONLY BE A COUPLE OF MINUTES.



JOE MARTIN JOINED US AFTER THE SHOW, AND GAVE US HIS STORY...

THE FIRST ATTEMPT ON MY LIFE WAS MADE A WEEK AGO. I WAS STARTING TO CROSS BAYVILLE'S MAIN STREET, WHEN A CAR SWERVED AND TRIED TO RUN ME OVER. I JUST JUMPED IN TIME.

AND THE NEXT TRY?

YESTERDAY, I WAS PASSING THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING OF THE FAIR GROUND, WHEN AN IRON BAR, THROWN FROM THE ROOF, JUST MISSED MY HEAD! THAT'S WHAT REALLY SCARED ME. I KNEW THAT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT.

I AGREE. HOW ABOUT ENEMIES, THIS SAILOR BARNEY, FOR INSTANCE OR ONE OF YOUR CO-WORKERS?



SAILOR'S JUST A CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE. YOU AS FOR CO-WORKERS - I HAVEN'T BEEN WITH THE CARNIVAL LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE ENEMIES OF ANY OF THEM.

YOU MIGHT HAVE WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

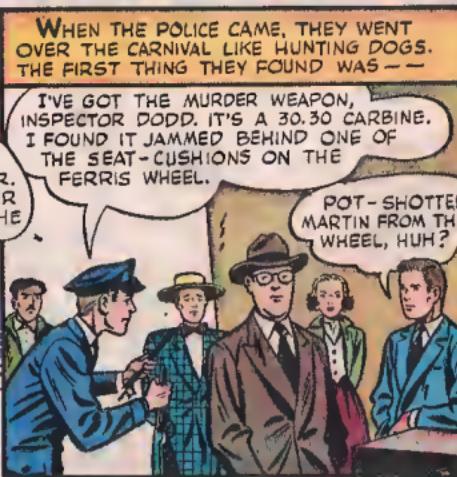
I'LL LOOK AROUND, ASK A FEW QUESTIONS, STICK AROUND! I'LL BE BACK!

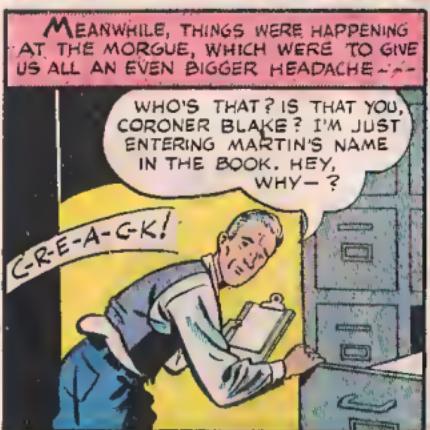
I KNOW NOW THAT I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT MARTIN. AT THE REAR OF THE MIDWAY WERE THE RIDES -- TILT-A-WHIRL, MERRY-GO-ROUND, ROCKET AND A FIFTY FOOT FERRIS WHEEL. I DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN, BUT THERE WAS SOMEONE ON THAT FERRIS WHEEL, WHO WASN'T ALONG FOR THE RIDE.

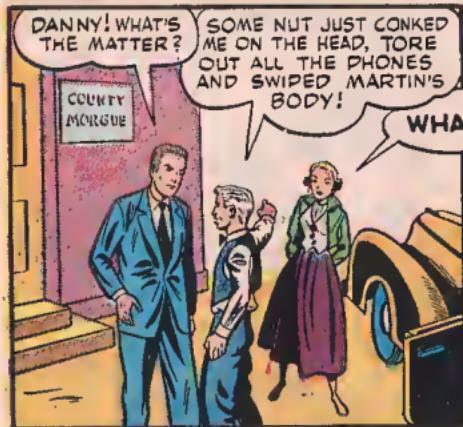


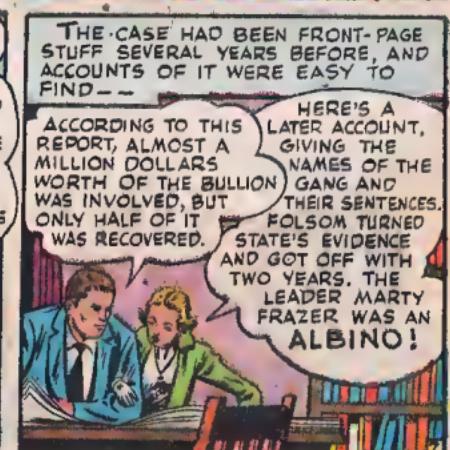


IS HE
D-DEAD-
VIC?
HE'LL
NEVER
BE DEADER.
WE'D BETTER
CALL IN THE
POLICE.









OUR ALBINO FRIEND OF THE MORGUE, I'LL BET! MARTIN ISN'T MENTIONED IN THE ACCOUNT THOUGH. SO, WHERE DOES HE COME IN? UNLESS---? SAY, WAIT A MINUTE!

I CAN SEE ON YOUR FACE THAT SOMETHING'S BEGINNING TO CRACK.

RIGHT! AND IT ISN'T OH, SURE! JUST LIKE MY BRAINS. C'MON! WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUR ALBINO FRIEND AND JOE MARTIN'S BODY.

WHERE'S YOUR CRYSTAL BALL, MR. FORTUNE TELLER?



I SHOWED LAURA MY CRYSTAL BALL, AN ORDINARY ROAD MAP OF THE STATE---

CAN YOU THINK OF ANYTHING MORE CONSPICUOUS THAN AN ALBINO CARTING A DEAD BODY AROUND IN A GREEN PICK-UP TRUCK, THE DESCRIPTION OF WHICH, IS PROBABLY BURNING UP THE WIRES OF EVERY POLICE TELETYPE IN THE STATE?

I WON'T EVEN TRY.

I DOUBT IF HIS HIDEOUT'S IN THE CITY. HE'S PROBABLY HOLED UP IN THE STICKS. HE'LL STAY OFF THE MAIN ROADS. DITTO FOR THE GOOD COUNTY ROADS. TOO MUCH CHANCE OF MEETING LIVELY TRAFFIC. THAT LEAVES THIS NETWORK OF COUNTRY ROADS ---



AT LEAST WE CAN ELIMINATE THOSE THAT LEAD TO HEAVILY POPULATED SECTIONS. PERSONALLY, I LIKE THE RIDGE ROAD. IT LEADS THRU THAT SCRUB COUNTRY NEAR THE BEACH! NO ONE LIVES OUT THAT WAY BUT A FEW SUMMER PEOPLE. IT WOULD BE IDEAL FOR THE ALBINO.

LET'S GET, STARTED THEN. WHO KNOWS HOW LONG THE FELLOW'S GOING TO HANG AROUND?

WE DROVE OUT TO THE RIDGE ROAD AND STOPPED AT THE FIRST GAS-STATION WE CAME TO --

AN ALBINO IN A GREEN PICK-UP TRUCK. ABOUT 10:30 THIS EVENING, YOU SAY? NOPE! DIDN'T SEE NOTHIN' LIKE THAT ON THIS ROAD.

HE COULD HAVE PASSED WITHOUT YOU SEEING HIM! THANKS, FRIEND. WE'LL TRY THE STATION UP AHEAD.



BUT IT WAS A GOOD MANY MILES ALONG THE ROAD BEFORE WE HIT PAY-DIRT.

NOT LAST NIGHT, STRANGER, BUT I DID SEE A TRUCK LIKE YOU DESCRIBE COME OUT OF THE BEACH ROAD A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO. IT'S THE FIRST ROAD TO YOUR LEFT, AND IT DOESN'T LEAD ANY PLACE 'CEPT TO A BROKEN-DOWN SUMMER CABIN ON THE BEACH.



WE FOLLOWED THE BEACH ROAD TO ITS DEAD-END, AND KNEW INSTANTLY WE HAD GUESSED RIGHT--



I CREEPT SILENTLY TO THE CABIN AND PEERED THRU A CRACK IN ONE OF THE BOARDED UP WINDOWS --

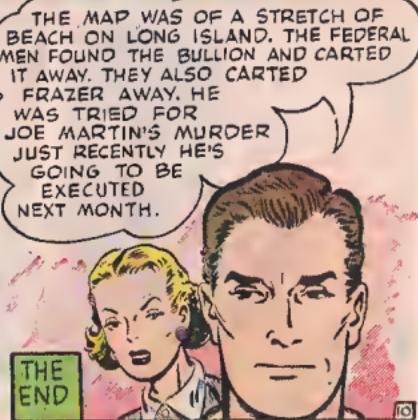
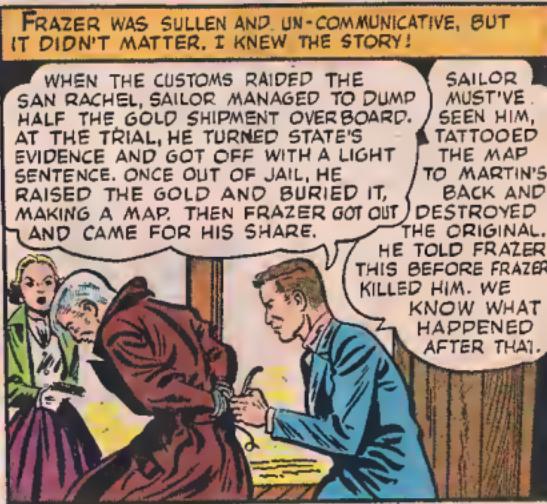
SO, IT WAS THE TATTOO MARKINGS ON MARTIN'S BACK THAT MADE HIM WORTH KILLING? NOW, I KNOW WHO KILLED SAILOR BARNEY AND WHY IT WAS NECESSARY FOR HIM ALSO TO KILL MARTIN.



THERE'S NO POINT IN COPYING OFF THE MAD TATTOO ON MARTIN'S BACK, FRAZER! YOU WON'T BE DIGGING UP THE REST OF THAT GOLD BULLION.

WHA-? CUTTER!







GAME OF CHANCE

Jack White was not a religious man. He did not believe in Fate and the fact that he was broke, he blamed on his own stupidity, not the stars or spirits.

He had ten dollars in his pocket. His rent was five dollars that meant five dollars between him and starvation. Jack smiled to himself. He had been in the chips once. Now, he was a tramp.

He decided to take a last fling—do or die. He would go to the racetrack. If he was smart, he would make money. If not, he would be completely broke. It made little difference at this point.

At Penn Station, he boarded the race-track special and read the papers. Behind him sat the boasters and braggers, as well as the touts. All were trying to make easy money at the track. "Tips" were being circulated, but Jack paid little attention.

He paid his admission and walked into the grandstand section. He decided that with two dollars it was best to play only long shots. Number five was ten to one. Jack went to the parimutuel windows and made his bet. A few minutes later, his horse had won and paid \$22.50 for two.

In the next race, he placed \$20 on another long shot. Again, he won. By the end of the sixth race, he'd won \$3,600. Jack knew he should quit. No sense pushing his luck too far, but he decided to make the last bet. He decided to play number two—a four to one shot.

Placing his entire bankroll on number two, Jack waited in the grandstands for the race to start. He felt his hands grow moist with perspiration and the mounting suspense made his body tremble. At post time, he lifted his face toward the sky and whispered a silent prayer. It was the first time that Jack had ever prayed.

The starting bell rang and the horses were off. Number two was leading. Jack was hoarse from cheering. Number one was challenging the lead. Jack rooted even harder, but his horse was giving up the lead. A few seconds later, number one had won. Jack slumped in his chair.

He had asked God for help and He had failed him. Jack was despondent. He had been so close to making a fortune if only... But it was all over now. He was a tramp again. He started to tear up the tickets when he noticed the number ONE printed across the face of them. He stared for a moment, not believing what he saw. Then a shy grin appeared on his face, and he looked toward the heavens in gratitude.

When Jack left the racetrack that night, he had \$10,000 in his pockets. He didn't understand what had happened, but he was no longer a cynic. The simple explanation that the ticket taker had made a mistake or that Jack had given the wrong number by accident he discounted. Jack felt that He must have been looking out for him and Jack was happy.

Now, he would be a success, for he had God on his side. Jack whistled happily on the train back to New York. He had found a friend.



MAGIC FORMULA

Chester Mark had been the outstanding athletic student in New Larchmont High. When the medals were distributed, naturally Chester Mark received the Athletic Award.

So, it was with a chip on his shoulder and a feeling of superior prowess that Chester entered New Larchmont University. He tried out for the Junior basketball team and was promptly accepted.

In short order, Chester proved the outstanding player and was named for the all-U team. During trial periods, Chester scored the most points for an individual player.

At the end of practice, Coach Walton called him aside and said, "Chester, you play very well. But you've got to learn to play with the team, not alone. I think I'd better put you on the second team until you get the feel of it."

When Larchmont played Newtown College, Chester sat on the bench and watched. He saw the errors the other team members were making and itched to get into the play.

"Coach, can't I go in now?" he kept saying.

Finally, the coach acquiesced. Chester, eagerly, went on the court and listened to the captain give instructions.

During the play, Chester saw a chance to make a basket. He did it! Newtown was leading 12-4. It was Newtown's ball, the center was dribbling down the court, about to pass. Chester blocked the pass and obtained the ball. Dribbling toward his own basket, he shot the ball and scored again. The score was 12-6. The crowd began cheering!

With five minutes left to play, Chester had tied the game. The coach sent in

a replacement. Chester couldn't understand why.

"But I've tied the score, coach. I gave us an even chance to win. Can't I go back and win the game now?"

"No, Chester. There's more to playing basketball than scoring and winning," the coach said. "It's teamwork and you're not part of the team. Until you learn that, I don't want you playing."

It was the last few minutes of play. Newtown had gotten ahead . . . 14-12. One of the team was hurt. The coach had to send in a replacement.

"All right, Chester," he said.

"I'm going to give you another chance. Go in there and play with the team. If you continue to play for individual score, you're off the team for good!"

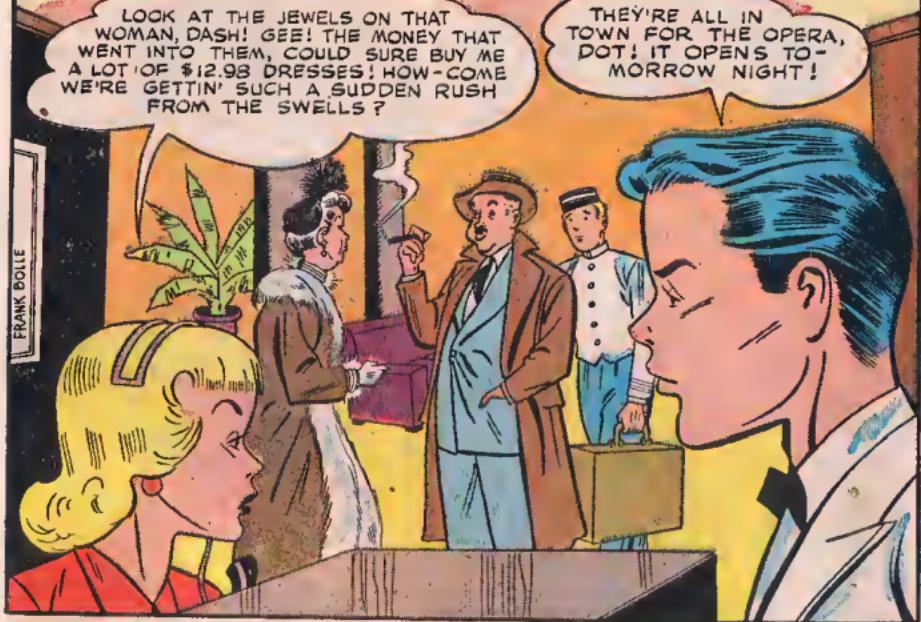
Chester raced into the game. The captain gave his instructions. It was New Larchmont's ball. The ball was passed to Chester; he dribbled, passed to Tom; Tom looked over the situation, returned the ball to Chester. Chester darted past his guard and toward the basket; then passed to another team member, who scored the goal!

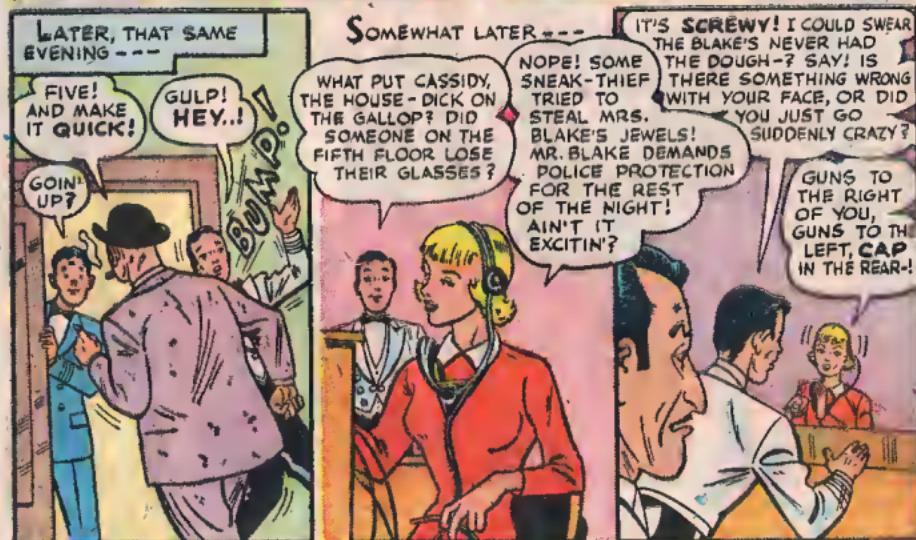
The score was tied. It was Newtown's ball. Down the end of the court, the team members raced. It was one minute left to play. Chester danced in front of his opponent. He dropped the ball. Chester retrieved it and dribbled toward New Larchmont's basket. Passing to another team member, Chester got under the basket. The other team member shot for the basket and missed. Chester reached up and put the ball into the basket as the finish gun sounded. Newtown won 16-14.

Later, in the dressing room, the coach congratulated the team and Chester personally for their work.

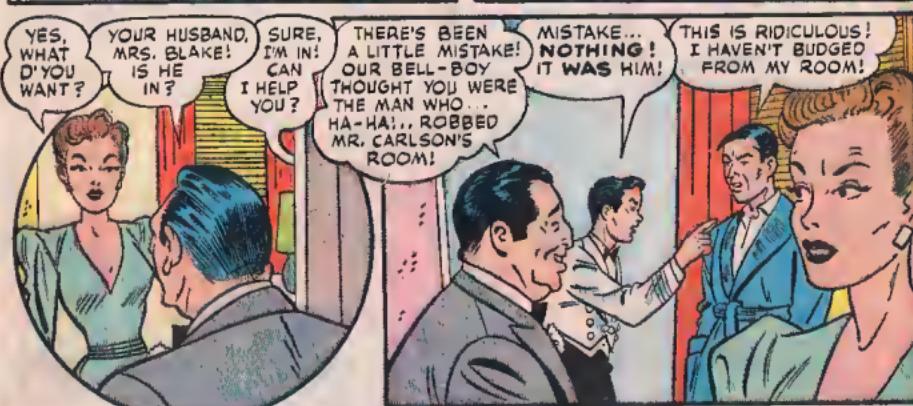
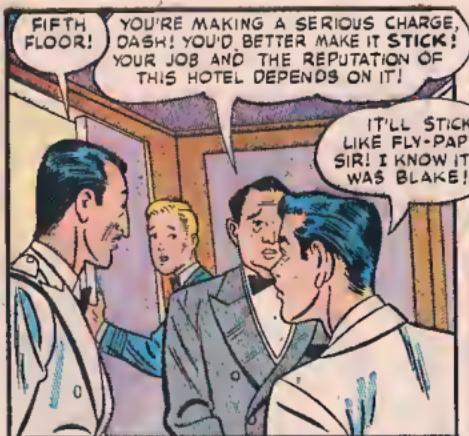
"It was teamwork, coach," Chester insisted. "If the team hadn't worked together, we couldn't have done it. Teamwork, that's what I always say!"

Dot 'n' Dash









DURING DOT'S LUNCH HOUR ---

YOU'RE SURE BLAKE'S THE THIEF! OKAY! HOW DID HE GET OUT OF HIS ROOM, MAKE HIS WAY TO THE THIRD FLOOR, STEAL THE CARLSON JEWELS AND RETURN TO THE FLOOR, ALL WITHOUT BEING SEEN BY CASSIDY WHO WAS GUARDING THE ONLY EXIT FROM THE ROOM!

HAVEN'T YOU AN IDEA EVEN? A CLUE - ? WHAT'S UP?

I DON'T KNOW..!

SHOW BUSINESS!
IT'S A MAGAZINE FOR SHOW PEOPLE! BLAKE BAWLED OUT HIS WIFE FOR HAVING IT! HE SAID IT WOULD TIP THEIR HAND! NOW...?



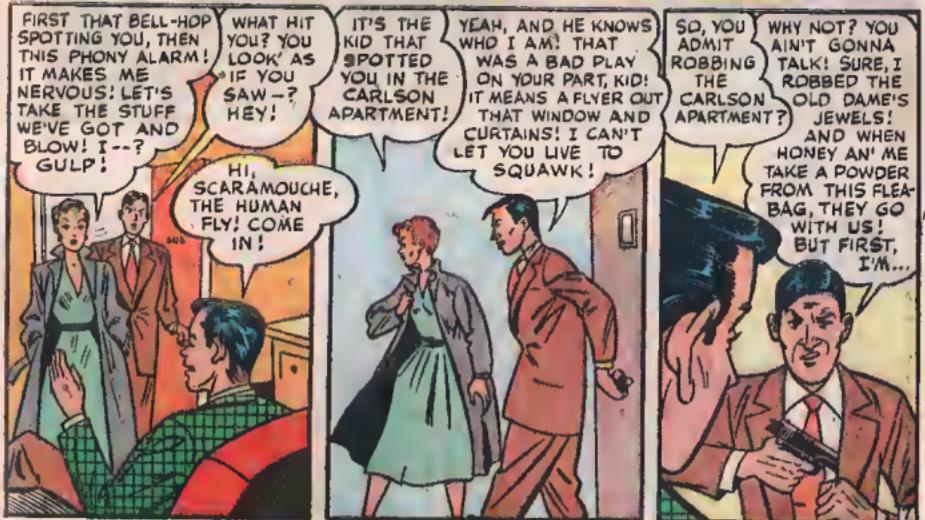
THAT'S SWELL!

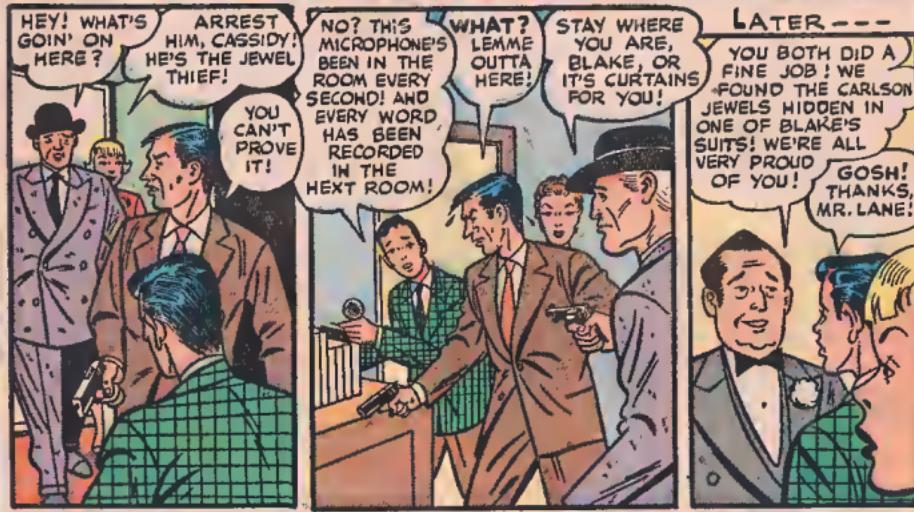


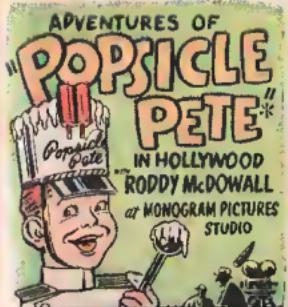
THANKS FOR YOUR HELP! C'MON, DASH, LET'S GET BACK TO THE HOTEL!











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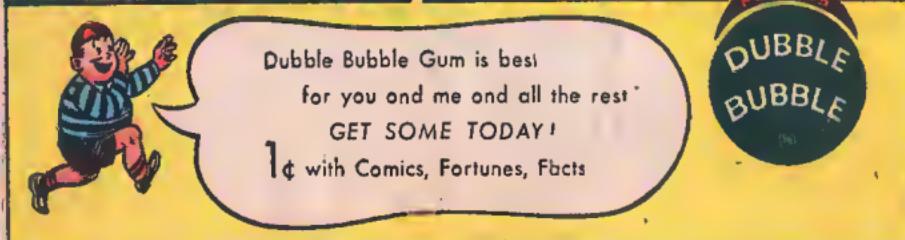
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